

## CHILD'S TONGUE BECOMES COATED IF CONSTIPATED

If cross, bilious, sick, feverish, or full of cold take no chances.

"California Syrup of Figs" can't harm tender stomach, liver, bowels.

Children love this "fruit laxative," and nothing else cleanses the tender stomach, liver and bowels so nicely.

A child simply will not stop playing to empty the bowels, and the result is, they become tightly clogged with waste, liver gets sluggish, stomach sour, then your little one becomes cross, half-sick, feverish, don't eat, sleep or act naturally, breath is bad, system full of cold, has sore throat, stomach-ache or diarrhoea. Listen, Mother! See if tongue is coated, then give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the system, and you have a well, playful child again.

Millions of mothers give "California Syrup of Figs" because it is perfectly harmless; children love it, and it never fails to act on the stomach, liver and bowels.

Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. Get the genuine, made by "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt.—(Adv.)

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## RUMORS FLY IN PARIS, BUT FRENCH DON'T HEED THEM, SAYS CHESTER

Everything's Going to the Dogs, and the Russians Under German Drillmasters Are About to March Against France, Which Has Only One Cartridge Left—If You Believe All You Hear in the Cafes.

(By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester)  
(Copyright, 1918, by the Newspaper Enterprise Association.)

Paris, Feb. 25.—Lights and laughter in the busy little Cafe de Brulle; but not for them!

The seven Americans at the corner table, from freckled red-headed big Jones to little Dingbat with the six-hair mustache, are steeped and saturated in gloom as they wait for their soup; for they have been in Paris, the center of all big things, for two whole days.

The only comfort they have is in each other: they are firm friends—having met on the boat coming over—and they can confide in, and trust in each other.

"Say!" They are electrified by the sudden appearance of another friend, though not quite a firm one, for Brown crossed on the previous boat. But they met him in London, and he came all the way from there to Paris with them, he and his crowd, so he's all right.

"Brown ordinarily is a hard-checked fellow with squinty eyes, but there is no trace of a squint in him now. The eyes are bulging with excitement, as he grabs fat Dooftab and little Dingbat by the coat lapels, leans as far to the center of the table as possible, and whispers piercingly:

"We fellows had better get right out of Paris!"

There is one instantaneous thought in the minds of all, and lanky Smith, at the inner end of the table, voices it hoarsely:

"What have you heard?"

"Everything's gone to the dogs!"

Brown gulps, and tightens his grip on the coat lapels. "The French army has only one cartridge left! All they are waiting for now is to decide who gets to shoot it; then they're going to evacuate Paris, and let the Germans in!"

"How do you know?"

"I'm not at liberty to state," answers Brown, looking around him furtively and lowering his voice still more. "But I may tell you this much: the information came originally from a high authority!"

"That settles it! Who is there to dispute a high authority? Something like a groan is in the deep sighs of the eight firm friends, and the silence is broken by the harsh, hoarse voice of Dooftab, saying "Leggo o' my coat."

For Dooftab, a jolly disposed fellow, from his round face, and full of many a merry quip and jest, is now pasty; and can't breathe.

"It's those Judas Russians!" comes a hollow voice from near the end of the table. White, with all the gold teeth, and he has lines each side of his nose which were not there when he dropped off the train in Paris, and looked around for the war.

"Russia! Terrible, menacing Russia! Tense faces and strained eyes turn anxiously toward White, and Brown, releasing his hold on the wrinkled lapels, pushes in on the plush bench beside little Dingbat. What more can White have heard about the bolshevik since noon?

"All Russia is united!" explains White. "They've been drilling for months under German officers! They've assassinated all the allied representatives in Moscow and Petrograd! They started yesterday on a march to Verdun, a million strong! They're murdering everyone who refuses to take up arms and join them. By the time they reach the German frontier there'll be four million of them; and—"

The waiter brings the soup to a table which is cold and clammy, and tensely silent. The eight sit like statues. They do not utter a syllable in the presence of this little man with the down-drooping black mustache. He may be a spy; and their information is secret, confidential, valuable.

"—and good night!" finishes White, as the waiter moves away.

"And you have this from a good authority?" pipes up little Dingbat. His upper lip seems to be shrinking away from the six hairs of his little mustache, leaving them to stick straight out, alone and unsupported.

"High," affirms White in awe; "a man connected with the army!"

"By George!" Jones slams his fist on the table so hard that the soup in the plates jumps into little peaks, and Dingbat spills his wine ordinary as all turn feverishly to the redhead. "Now I believe it! Boys, a man told me something this morning in strict confidence, which I couldn't swallow, in spite of the fact that the thing came almost directly from a high authority; but now that I know this Russian situation, I see that he was right. The Italians have secretly ceded to the Germans all their territory down to, and including Rome, which will leave the whole southern part of Italy an island, under the protectorate of the German empire, with the capital at Naples!"

"My God!" voices little Dingbat tremulously. "I have my steamer tickets for the 12th, and I hope, I only hope, that Paris will be safe until then."

"Well, I'm here and I'm going to stick!" declares Jones, his freckles becoming more intense, as his good jaw squares.

There is a general reflection of the spirit of Jones on every face, except that of little Dingbat, who clings tenaciously to the fact that he hates to die.

"Maybe the British can keep them out," suggests Brown. "They did, you know."

"The British?" Gray looks around at the boys meaningly, and they turn pitying eyes on Brown.

"Haven't you heard about the British?" inquires Smith, shocked that there should be such ignorance in Paris. "Tell him, Gray!"

"Oh, nothing," says Gray, affecting an extreme nonchalance of manner. He's a rough sort of citizen, is Gray, the kind who wears a soft collar and a fuzzy hat, and speaks hard and laughs loud, and conveys a general impression with his shoulders, of being ready to fight at any and all times, and is always dragging sick cats home.

"Scarcely anything, Brown! Only this; all that remained of the British army was wiped out at Cambrai! There's nothing left of it but the officers you see in London and Paris. They're going to form themselves into a regiment, and go up there for the honor of the British nation, and all be killed off in one last forlorn-hope dash next Tuesday at 2:15 p.m.!"

"Grave fellows, the British," observes Jones, with the solemnity of church, and his sentiment is reflected on every face except Dingbat's, who is too much shocked to have any expression.

"It's rough that we don't get the truth at home," Dooftab pours the wine from the big tilting magnum with a firm hand, though his face is still pasty. "However, we're in this thing, and we're in it to stay. I'd, by thunder, we'll do something! We're overlooking the fact that our fine husky United States soldiers are ready to go into action, and hungry for it! I've heard, on pretty high authority, that we have something like five million here now!"

"Five what?" Agonized little Dingbat violently plucks out one of the six hairs of his mustache. "Is that what you're basing your hope on? Now, I'll tell you what I found out, and from a very high authority, though I wouldn't repeat it except here among friends, whom I know and can trust. His eye wavers with merely a slight flicker of dubiousness toward the man who had come over on another boat. "The American army in France consists of exactly 1,427 men! And there isn't a bean to feed 'em with! They have nothing but tobacco! They were dumped out in the freezing mud up near the front, without arms, ammunition, clothing or shelter; and they're dying of starvation and exposure at the rate of 100 a day! You can figure it for yourself. In 144 days—"

And so it goes. Among the newly arrived in Paris, rumor madly follows rumor, each more wild, more fantastic, more silly and absurd than the one upon the heels of which it treads. The trouble is sudden proximity. Those fresh from across the raging sea approach Paris with the feeling that now they're in the midst of the biggest thing that ever happened in the world; and they expect big things to start seething the minute they arrive. The big things don't, and the Paris papers furnish very little excitement. The daily news is usually printed on one

## SHE PROVIDES FUN FOR U. S. CLERKS



Cecil S. Norton

Miss Norton is head of the school community centers at Washington. She has been assigned to see to it that recreational opportunities are provided for the thousands of clerks the government has recruited from all over the nation. Her first work is to get them acquainted with each other.

small sheet, about 16 x 22 inches, and there's only room, on the two sides, for advertisements, peppery letters from the Old Subscriber, and the cold, bare facts of army operations; just the official communications, these last, which we get back home, but without our picturesque amplifications by the festive war correspondent.

The newly arrived American sees that paper, and says he: Aha! The censor! He is keeping back from me the lurid descriptions with which at home I sweetened my coffee! What else is the censor withholding besides the gaudy details to which I am accustomed, and to which I have an inalienable right? Aha!

It is then that he falls a prey to the wild rumor and the hoarse whisper.

## EMBASSIES AND LEGATIONS ARE LEAVING PETROGRAD

London, Feb. 25.—An Exchange Telegraph dispatch from Petrograd, dated Saturday, says:

"The American and Japanese embassies and the Chinese, Siamese and Brazilian legations are leaving Petrograd today for Vyatka or Vologda. If necessary, they will go to Vladivostok."

Logical.

(San Francisco Chronicle.)

Mrs. Johnson—How does yo' feel-dis maw'nin', Joe?

Mr. Johnson—I feels bad—mighty bad! I wish dat Providence would have mussy on me an' take me.

Mrs. Johnson—How can yo' expect it to if yo' won't take the doctor's medicine?

## AMUSEMENT PLACES VIOLATE SUNDAY LAW

Arrests Followed by Execution of Bond and Girls Go On With the Dance.

(Special to The News.)

Greenville, S. C., Feb. 25.—Sheriff Hendrix Rector Sunday made cases against six proprietors who he said were found to be operating amusement places and concessions near Camp Bivier, in violation of the Sunday law. All other businesses near the military reservation have been closed in pursuance of the order issued by the sheriff.

The so-called "zirks" shows were not closed for long, and the pleasures of soldiers who patronized these attractions liberally were practically interrupted, as it was merely a matter of the proprietor putting up a cash bond of \$100, and, without even a flicker of the footlights the illustrative ballet again warbled and danced to the delight of the Sammies.

## WELL-KNOWN RAILROAD MAN DIES AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY

Knoxville, Feb. 25.—Capt. William T. Rogers, former resident of Knoxville, and for more than forty years connected with the passenger department of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis railway, died Sunday at his home in Atlanta. He was past 70 years of age. His death followed a brief illness.

Early in life Capt. Rogers was a schoolteacher. At the beginning of the Civil war he gave up his duties in the classroom and enlisted in the Confederate army. He was a member of the N. R. Forrest camp, United Confederate Veterans, at Chattanooga.

## CONTRAST ORDERS MADE BY CONQUERING ARMY CHIEFS

London, Jan. 31.—(Correspondence Associated Press.)—Contrasted with, the German proclamation threatening punishment upon the women and children of Udine, Italy, if they failed to work in the fields for sixteen hours every day, under German domination, the order issued by the British commander to the people of Jerusalem after the capture of that city shows the different manner in which the entente and the central powers wage war. The British order reads:

"It is my desire that every person should pursue his lawful business without fear of interruption. Furthermore, since your city is regarded with affection by three of the great religions of mankind, and its soil has been consecrated by the prayers and pilgrimages of the devout for many centuries, therefore be it known that every sacred building, monument, holy spot, shrine, pious bequest or customary place of prayer will be maintained and protected according to the existing customs and beliefs of those to whose faiths they are sacred."

Children Cry  
FOR FLETCHER'S  
CASTORIA

## TAKE SALTS TO FLUSH KIDNEYS

Eat less meat if you feel Back-  
achy or have Bladder  
trouble.

Meat forms uric acid which excites and overworks the kidneys in their efforts to filter it from the system. Regular eaters of meat must flush the kidneys occasionally. You must relieve them like you relieve your bowels; removing all the acids, waste and poison, else you feel a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sour, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment; the channels often get irritated, obliging you to get up two or three times during the night.

To neutralize these irritating acids and flush off the body's urinous waste get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine and bladder disorders disappear. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys and stop bladder irritation. Jad Salts is inexpensive; harmless and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then, thus avoiding serious kidney and bladder diseases.—(Adv.)

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No land or live stock is sold on the car, but only those who make application while the Pullman demonstration car is here will be able to secure our services in the purchase of these lands which will be ready in May. Now, remember, the United States government furnishes you a title to the land and we furnish the live stock. Both land and live stock are sold on such liberal terms as to enable you to pay for them out of your profits.

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